THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. VOL. XXX. | APRIL, 1878. | NEW SERIES. VOL. VII. No. 4.

For The Dayspring.

THE CHILDREN'S WREATH.

AN EASTER STORY.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

T was Easter morning. The sun rose clear and bright, crowning the mountains with gold; and the broad, blue lake mirrored the beauty of hill and tree and shrub and changing sky. The golden light poured through the cottage windows in an English village, and shed a halo around two little heads nestling in the white pillow.

Josie woke; and, putting his arm around his sister's neck, said, in coaxing tones, "Bertha, dear, wake up! We want to carry our wreath before church, you know."

Bertha needed no urging. Dearly she loved her little brother; dearly, too, she cherished the memory of the sweet, gentle mother who had been laid to rest with the last of autumn's flowers. In her mind, that mother's picture was clearly and strongly defined. Josie was three years younger; and, though he remembered her with affection, the childish grief was long since spent, and only happy thoughts clustered about her name. Bertha missed her far more; and she felt, too, a care and responsibility that made her earnest and thoughtful beyond her years. The promise she had given her mother, to do all she could to fill her place, was never forgotten; and she watched over Josie with a tender loving-kindness that made her worthy of the title the neighbors often gave her, — "Little Mother!" She did not know all she was to her father: how she had comforted and cheered him in his darkest hours, and had helped him, every day, to bear his burden; helped him by her loving service, her care of Josie, her gentle words and cheerful spirit, till he had come to think of her as we think of sunshine or flowers, or any bright and beautiful thing that is always welcome, — always makes us feel better. He was a reserved, silent man; but his children knew he loved them, though not how dearly. He never gave them an impatient word, never failed in kindness or gentleness toward them; and he provided for them as well as he could by his daily toil.

On this bright Sunday morning, the simple breakfast of oaten bread and milk was early eaten. Bertha washed the dishes, and made the beds; and then, taking Josie's hand, they started on their pleasant walk. It would not be church-time for nearly two hours yet; but they were first to gather flowers and twine a wreath to lay on their mother's grave.

They were walking on, through a quiet lane blossoming with hawthorn and snowdrop, where the grass was already coming up in its spring-time green, starred with crocus and primrose, when a lady crossed by a field-path at the right, on her way to church. She looked at the children with a momentary surprise; then an interest and kindly feeling, which grew deeper as she watched them, walking, hand in hand, almost silently, speaking now and then to one another in low, gentle tones. Their voices, the calm, serious look on those young faces, the quiet grace of their movements, their affectionate way toward each other, and the care of the sister for the little boy, all touched her heart, — a heart that bore patiently, trustfully, even cheerfully, a burden of its own, and yet kept

> "At leisure from itself,
> To soothe and sympathize."

She was travelling in Europe with her

brother, and had stopped the night before, in the little village, to rest over Sunday in its quietude. Unknown to the children, she watched them as they went to the lowly spot where the early spring flowers shed fragrance above their mother's rest; and turned away, honoring their love and grief, and leaving them its rightful secrecy. But she saw them come quietly into the church as the first sweet notes of the organ-prelude sounded on the soft morning air, and, through hymn and prayer and sermon, she kept the thought of them in her heart, and a holy purpose was born.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, ye have done it unto Me."

"Whoso shall receive one such little child in My name, receiveth Me."

The words of Christ sounded tenderly in her soul; and, after service, she sought out the children, and followed them to their lowly home. She stayed a day longer in the village, and made inquiries of the neighbors about their past life, present circumstances, and what might be their future. She learned what you already know. She talked with the children and their father. Blessed, as she was, with abundant means, she offered to take them for her own, to provide for and educate them as hers; and asked if he would spare them if they would go.

But if she could have sounded the father's heart, beneath his habitual reserve and quiet manner, she would not have made the proposal. She knew only what she had gleaned from the neighbors; and they had no idea how deep and strong was the tie that bound him to his children.

His dark eyes filled with tears; and, in a voice he vainly tried to make firm, he answered that they should themselves decide: it would be hard to part with them, but he would not stand in the way of their good.

Bertha and Josie looked in each other's faces, and at his bowed form, as he sat by the table where they had so often shared their frugal meal, — sat, leaning his head on his hand, for he could not meet their eyes. And Bertha answered, "Thanks, many thanks, lady: you are very kind. But we cannot leave our father."

And Josie echoed, "T'ank you; we want to stay with father."

The lady was disappointed: the more she saw of the children, the more she desired to call them her own. But she could not wonder; she could not blame them; and, after a moment, her brow cleared, and she frankly said so.

"Will you kiss me for good-by?" she asked, rising to leave. "It may be the good Father's will that we shall meet again. I shall try to come here after I have travelled on the Continent, before I return to America. Will you accept a little gift," she asked, turning to the father, "as a token of my interest in these children, and my kindly feeling toward you all?" She placed a pocket-book in his hand. "Good-by, and God bless you!" And, with an answering blessing, sincere and earnest, she left.

Eight months passed away, and the lady came again to the little village, and sought the children's well-remembered faces. The changes from spring-time freshness to summer's glory, and from this to autumn's harvesting, were not all that had occurred. Bertha and Josie were alone in the world; for their father had been called to a better and abiding home, where the wife of his youth awaited him. In his parting hour, the thought of the kind lady, the hope that she would indeed return, and take

his little ones to her motherly love and care, cheered and comforted him.

A kind neighbor, who knew all about the lady's visit, her offer, and her promise to return, received the orphan children, — though she was herself poor, and shared generously with them her shelter and frugal fare.

Some wondered, and told her she was a foolish body to think ever to see the lady there again, — and what if she did not come? Better bind the children out at once, and be done.

But, no! Her heart was true and kind, and she answered, indignantly, "Never! I'll keep them, poor dears, till she *has time* to come again. It's my belief she will; but, if not, what then? I'll care for them till I see a way. They're in the Father's keeping, — so am I, — and what He gives me I'll share with them, so long as I have a crust or crumb. He made a little oil and a handful of meal last many a day once, and He'll not fail me when I'm doing His will."

"Ay, ay! poor, foolish old woman. She thinks she'll get a pretty penny when the fine lady comes!" was the cruel taunt that leaped from some lips, but all unheeded.

As for the children, they too hoped and waited; loving their friend with a depth of grateful earnestness, and doing her every little service in their power.

The lady proved true to her promise. Another Easter found them in her American home, her adopted children, well beloved, and counted as the most precious treasures she had brought with her from foreign shores.

As the leaves of a book which is seldom used will cleave fast together, even so the memory waxeth dull if it be not oft quickened.

For The Dayspring.

A WILLING CHILD.

WHO does not love a willing child,
Whose feet are quick to run,
And little hands are quick to do
What mother wishes done?

Who does not love a willing child,
Who always says, "I'll try;"
And never pouts, or sighs "Oh, dear!"
Or asks, "What for?" and "Why?" —

A willing child who is content
To either do or wait;
Who wears a pleasant face for all,
And never says, "I hate"?

And, as for me, I'd rather choose
A child of happy look
And winning ways, than one less kind,
Though quicker with his book.

How much a little child can do, —
A child of willing mind!
Feet to the lame one oft may prove,
Or yet eyes to the blind.

How many things a child can do
To make his mother glad!
How many things a child can do
To make his mother sad!

Who does not love a willing child,
One quick to spring and run
To see, before his mother asks,
The things she wishes done?

And often do we think, as well,
The angels fair above,
Better than even those below,
A willing child must love.

RIPPLE.

WE complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are either spent in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.

THE HUNGRY DOG AND HIS NEW FRIENDS.

EARLY one morning Mr. Wardlaw saw a strange dog under a bush on the lawn. He went to him, and found that he was a good-natured creature, and that he seemed nearly starved. When Willie and Annie came down to breakfast, their father told them that there was a new pet for them to enjoy. "What is it?" "What is it?" exclaimed both the children. "There is a very pretty dog, but a very hungry one, under a bush on the lawn," said Mr. Wardlaw. "I will take some milk to him," said Willie. "I will carry him some bread and meat," said Annie; and both rushed into the kitchen. Willie caught up with one hand a pitcher of milk, and with the other a saucer; while Annie took in one hand a piece of bread, and in the other a piece of meat. Then they went to the lawn, and fed the dog their father had found. How pleased the poor fellow is to see the children with food in their hands, ready to feed him! He had lost his master, and had nothing to eat for a long time. Now he will have all he wants, and be friendly to Willie and Annie from this day.

For The Dayspring.

LITTLE FIGURES.

CHAPTER IV.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

ANGIE WHITEHOUSE came in the other evening; and we had no sooner seated ourselves at the piano, to try our new duet, than Rufus Hemenway made his appearance. He wanted us each to make something for a fair which his little sister was getting up. I'm afraid we were dreadfully disobliging; for we wouldn't one of us promise but Marcia. She told him she'd embroider a dog-collar, if he'd promise to buy it for his "Duke;" which he wouldn't do.

For my part, I *hate* fairs. Theyr'e just things, *things*, *things*. I get tired of *things* sometimes.

We sat and chatted for a while, when suddenly Marcia exclaimed, "Do you know, Rufus, you interrupted a very fine performance upon the piano? Wouldn't you like to hear it?"

Of course, he said "Yes." So, of course, we had to go through with it; and, *of course*, we made about forty mistakes; but we did'nt mind Rufus.

Marcia calls him "Rufus the Red," because he has sandy hair. I'm always on thorns when he's here, for fear that she'll forget, and say it before him.

"Now," she exclaimed, when we had finished our *performance*, "Ruth has just learned the *cutest* little song. You're dying to hear it; aren't you, Rufus?"

"Marcia, you ridiculous child!" said Ruth, half laughing, half provoked.

"But he does want to hear it; don't you, Rufus?"

"Of course I do."

"Don't let me forget," said Ruth, as she walked majestically to the piano, "that I'm to give you a good scolding when I get you upstairs."

"Catch you forgetting that!" laughed Marcia.

Ruth's song was "real cute," as Marcia said. Just as it was finished, Mr. Kingsbury walked in. He was glad to find Angie and Rufus here, for he wanted to enlist all the help he could get in the new Mission Sunday School which he had just formed.

"I'll come! I'll come!" cried Marcia. "It will be *such* fun!"

We all shouted at this, — all but mother, who vetoed it at once.

"Mattie may go if she wishes. Ruth, I think, is a little too young, — besides, she is not very strong. As for you, Marcia, it is out of the question."

"I should *love* the poor little things, any way," said Marcia, winking very hard; and I *know* they'd love me."

"I am sure of that, daughter; but it isn't best."

Mr. Kingsbury looked at me. I felt as if I ought to say "Yes;" but, somehow, I couldn't. Strangely enough, it was Rufus who spoke first.

"I am at your service, sir. I don't know what sort of work I shall make of it; but there's no harm in trying."

"Thank you *very much*," said Mr. Kingsbury, heartily. "I have no doubt of your success. We have the promise now of upwards of sixty scholars, most of them children of ignorant and degraded parents. There is a great work to be done."

So there was; but I couldn't quite make up my mind to lend a hand.

"They are real *rapscallions*, aren't they?" cried Marcia, ecstatically. "O mother! that's *just* the kind I like."

But mother shook her head. I was just

making up my mind that I *would* promise, when Angie spoke up.

"Mr. Kingsbury, I don't know that I ever did any *real good* in all my life. I shall make a stupid teacher, I'm afraid; but, if you want me, and mother's willing, I'll come."

This from Angie, who was so very particular and refined in all her tastes! I knew they were all looking at me now. I grew hot, then cold. I called myself all sorts of names; but it didn't do any good.

"I thought perhaps we could depend upon Miss Mattie for the music," said Mr. Kingsbury, at length. "Mrs. Holmes has very kindly given us her parlor organ, and the music will be an especial attraction."

Worse and worse. I never could bear to play before strangers.

"Oh, no!" I stammered. "I couldn't do it *possibly*. I'll teach the children, if you'll give me some very little ones; but, indeed, I *couldn't* touch the organ."

"Perhaps I could do that," said Rufus, quietly.

"You!" exclaimed Marcia. "What can *you* play?"

He laughed, as did we all; then he went over to the piano, and lightly struck a few chords. We looked at each other in surprise; which increased when he commenced the dear, familiar air, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," which he played with taste and expression, giving the variations most exquisitely. When he had finished, there was a little silence; which, however, was soon broken.

Where *had* he learned to play? Why didn't he tell us? Why had he never touched the piano before? He had cheated us, — yes, wilfully *cheated* us; and Marcia declared she had a great mind never to speak to him again as long as she lived.

"I learned at my old home, before we —moved," said he, a little sadly. "My piano was sold, with the rest of our luxuries; so I am all out of practice now. I never told you, because — because — I didn't want to."

"You never need say you are out of practice again, if you will use ours," said mother. "You will give us a real pleasure."

"Thank you," said he, simply. He is very proud about accepting favors, but I hope he will consent. It really seems as if the piano must enjoy a touch like that, after my drumming and Ruth's.

But I suppose I have really pledged myself to teach in the Clavers Court Mission School. Oh dear me! It all comes over me again to-night, and almost frightens me. How *can* I teach others to be good, when I find it so hard myself? If I could only have said this to Mr. Kingsbury! — but I couldn't. I never can go *away down deep* into things, excepting to mother, and to "you."

But I forgot all my doubts and dreads the next day. I couldn't think of myself at all, Marcia was in such deep distress.

It was Saturday; and, very early in the morning, she saw Maltie crawling out of our next-door neighbor's coal-hole, — a sight to behold! She enticed her into the house with soft words and fair promises, — just as I've seen mothers do with their children sometimes, — but when fairly, or *unfairly*, in, gave her a good scolding, and a few *very gentle* slaps.

"What *do* you mean, you naughty, naughty girl?" (Slap!) "Haven't I told you *repeatedly* not to associate with coal-dust?" (Slap!) "It does not burn, but it *blackens*, as the book says." (Slap!) "It has blackened you, miss, most shockingly. You're not fit to be seen." (Slap! slap! slap!) "What *shall* I do with you?"

Maltie looked considerably disturbed, but offered no suggestions.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do, Mat," said Marcia, turning to me. "I'll put her in the bath-tub, and give her a good washing. She deserves it."

"O Marcia! you'll splash the water about so."

"No, I won't. I'll be very careful. Maltie is getting into very bad habits. She must be broken of them."

She took a piece of soap from the kitchen, and went upstairs with the cat in her arms. "You shall be clean to-day, if you never were before, miss," she said, as she went, hugging Maltie very tight all the while.

Alas, poor Maltie! She took her bath most unwillingly, and came out of it with an air of limp meekness quite distressing to see.

Marcia wrapped her in a piece of flannel, and put her in her old place behind the kitchen stove; but Maltie didn't like the flannel, — she would have none of it. She lapped herself unceasingly, to Marcia's great uneasiness.

"Something seems to make her sick, Mat," said she. "What *can* it be? I wish I had a case to put her tongue in. She'll wear it all out."

And, indeed, it did seem highly probable; for she gave it not an instant's rest.

I was busy ripping up my old blue, which is going to be made over into something, — it doesn't yet appear what. I looked at Maltie occasionally, but, not sharing Marcia's anxiety, I did not watch her closely; and Marcia herself, seeing one or two of her school friends at the gate, ran out for a little chat with them. So we soon forgot poor pussy entirely.

But, at tea-time, Margaret came in, wringing her hands. "O Miss *Marcy!*" said she, "the cat is dead."

"Dead!" We all stared, in horrified surprise, while Marcia turned very white.

"Are you *sure*, Margaret?" asked papa.

"Yes, sir. She's in the ash heap bayant. I seen her creep in it, haulin' one foot behind the other jist; but, whin I got *a nigh* her, she'd breathed her last."

Marcia started up, but papa made her sit down again. "Eat your supper, daughter," said he.

"I can't. It chokes me. O papa! *do* you think I killed her?"

"You, child! How?"

"Why, I gave her a bath this morning. I soaped her all over, and washed her with a sponge. Soap and water *couldn't* kill a cat, could it?"

"What kind of soap did you use?"

"Margaret's carbolic soap. She says that's the cleansingest," answered poor Marcia, innocently using one of *Margaret's words*.

Papa looked grave. I saw mother give a little start.

"It *couldn't* kill her, could it?" repeated Marcia, with an appealing look.

"The bath wouldn't hurt her, dear," answered mother; "but carbolic soap isn't always a safe thing to use."

"But she didn't taste it a bit. I took care of that."

"Are you sure you sponged her fur thoroughly afterward with clear water?"

"I tried to, but it was *so* thick. But, mother, how *could* she get it in her mouth? — and it *couldn't strike in* through her fur, you know."

"She lapped herself all *over* and *over again*," said Bertie, solemnly. "She did it just like this" (illustrating).

"So she did. That's just it. Mother, I've killed her!" and Marcia flew out to the ash heap.

We all followed. Sure enough, there

lay poor Maltie, quite dead. Marcia threw herself down beside her, and stroked her pretty, soft fur.

"O Maltie, dear, darling Maltie!" she sobbed. "If you only *could* forgive me! I've been *so* cruel, but I didn't mean to."

"Marcia *deaded* Maltie," whispered Bertie, severely.

"Hush, Bertie!" said mother.

"Just to think of Maltie Renshaw dying on an ash heap!" exclaimed Marcia suddenly, with a fresh burst of tears.

Papa bit his lip. Mamma tried to comfort her, but in vain.

"I *can't* make the *best* of it," sobbed Marcia, in answer to her words. "I've made the *worst* of it, — that's what I've made. Mother!" she cried, appealingly, "I can't bear to have you stand there, looking at me so. If you'd *only* go away, — all of you."

We all went back into the house. When we were fairly gone, Marcia took poor Maltie in her arms, and brought her tenderly into the kitchen, where she sat, holding her in her lap, and crying quietly, until papa came and took her away.

"Let her be buried under the white rose-bush, papa; but don't tell me when."

The rest of us, however, went to the funeral. It was a lovely evening, quite warm for the season. The moon looked quietly down upon the ceremony; whereupon Bertie asked me if the man in the moon ever flew down and *digged up* the dead pussy-cats, to take 'em up to heaven. Some things puzzle Bertie very much. I never like to talk with him about things that I can't understand myself; and I notice that mother is very apt to give him an "evasive answer" when his questions are too pointed.

We all cried a little as poor Maltie was put into her "little bed." The box was nice and clean, and we decorated it with what few flowers we could gather from our house-plants, — but, alas! alas! Maltie had *gone!* It seemed as if we had never loved her half enough.

Papa put up a small stick to mark the spot, upon which Ruth scribbled this couplet, expressive of our deep sorrow: —

WE WEEP FOR THEE,
DEAR OLD MALTIE.

The next day, Marcia came to me, her eyes still red with crying. "Mattie," said she, "I wish you'd read this; mother is busy, and I want to send it off by the next mail."

It was a letter to Miss Janet. I read as follows: —

DEAR MISS JANET, — I have dreadful news to tell you. I may as well tell it first as last. Maltie is dead. I killed her, washing her with carbolic soap. She was all coal-dust. I don't ask you to forgive me, for I know you can't; and it's of no use being sorry now that the mischief is done. Of course, you'll never like me again. I don't see how you can.

Yours,

MARCIA WOODBURY.

P.S. I am very glad I didn't wash Jack.

"Why, Marcia!" said I, when I had finished, "I think you are rather hard on Miss Janet."

"Hard on her! How? In my letter?" asked Marcia, surprised.

"Yes. You say, 'I know you can't forgive me,' and 'Of course, you'll never like me again.'"

"Well?"

"Put yourself in Miss Janet's place, Marcia, and — well, we'll say Jimmie Phelan in yours. Supposing you had lent Maltie to him, and he had ignorantly killed her, and was almost broken-hearted about it, — what should you do?"

"I should just go to him, and hug and

kiss him till he forgot all about it," said Marcia, at once.

"Well?" said I.

She brightened a little. "I see what you mean, Mat. I *hope* I *have* been hard on Miss Janet, but — Maltie was *such* a darling!"

"Not any more of a darling than she would have been if it had been Jimmie who washed her with the carbolic soap," said I.

Marcia smiled faintly. I think it comforted her a little; but she still looks sad, and seems unlike her old self. I think she finds it harder to forgive herself than Miss Janet can possibly find it to forgive her.

Meanwhile, we are all anxiously waiting for an answer to her letter.

TIME ENOUGH.

Two little squirrels, out in the sun, —
One gathered nuts, the other had none;
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain,
"Summer is still just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate:
He roused him at last, but he roused him too late;
Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were placed:
One always perfect, the other disgraced;
"Time enough yet for learning," he said,
"I will climb by and by from the foot to the head."

Listen, my darling: their locks are turned gray;
One as a governor sitteth to-day;
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door
Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day;
One is at work, the other at play.
Living uncared for, dying unknown,
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have taught
The lesson I longed to implant in your thought:
Answer me this, and my story is done, —
Which of the two would you be, little one?

Selected.

BILLY DUNCAN'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

CHAPTER III.

BY REV. N. SEAVER, JR.

THE two boys were heroes next day with their comrades, for they rehearsed their adventures again and again; and being, like Cæsar, their own historians, the story lost nothing in the telling. It was received with much doubt and cross-examination, but it stood every test; besides, there were the jack-knife, wallet, two candy-bags, and a few scraps of the candy and cake. What had become of the rest, neither saw fit to tell; but we have already learned what Smudge had done with his goodies, and now we shall see how Billy disposed of his.

At noon-time, he made his appearance at the Barracoons, where he spent the afternoon in making short calls at the different rooms, and in preparations for a magnificent entertainment. By the diligent use of his new knife, and with much sawing, tying, and pounding, he managed to arrange the cedar-branches he had brought home so as to make a fair-sized Christmas tree, and fasten it on the centre of the table. On the twigs were tied pieces of tallow candle, which he had bought for that purpose, and mingled with them were dozens of small packages twisted up in bits of newspaper. These preparations kept him busy till dark; and then his guests began to appear, most of them being the children of the other tenants of the Barracoons.

When they had all assembled, and after some whispering with two of the older boys, Billy rapped on the table, and announced that the ceremonies were about to begin.

"It's time now," said he, "for the performance. I hain't got no bell, but I'll pound on this dipper with the poker; and then you must all set down and keep quiet over there agin the wall. Those wot don't behave will be put out. Sorry I hain't got more chairs, but I've got to set in this one, coz I'm the Sunday-school boss; and Tommy Haley and Patsey Burke is to make believe they are me and Smudge, and they must come in sly when I ain't lookin', and curl down back of t'other chair as ef they didn't belong. Don't mind Old Josh: he always snores; he won't wake up afore ten o'clock, sure. Now I'm goin' ter ring the bell and make a speech, like the boss did last night.

"Boys and girls, gentlemen and ladies! It's Christmas, and we've come here for to have a high old time, and to wish a Merry Christmas. Sunday schoolers! you've been to school reglar, and said your cattychism correct, and I wish you all one of the biggest kinds o' Merry Christmas; and now I want you all to wish one another a Merry Christmas, and I'm goin' to treat you handsome, so you'll go home feelin' good; and then you musn't be hogs any more, but go shares on good things. And you must keep your faces clean, and your hair straight, and not fight and call names, or chaw terbacker, nor swear, nor lick little fellers wot ain't your size, and always say, 'Thank yer.' Then folks will always wish yer a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and Fourth of July and St. Patrick's Day; and they won't say 'Git out!' when yer hop on hoss-cars to sell papers, and when you go inter stores to sell candy. The gooder you are, the gooder folks will treat you. A-a-a-a-a-MEN!"

Here Billy stopped for breath, and, after waiting a moment, said: "Now you must stomp and clap your hands and hooroar and say 'ancore,' like they do at the theatre. They didn't do it last night; but I thought they orter." After the audience had complied, with much zeal, Billy restored order by tapping on the dipper. "Now," said he, "I'm going ter light up; and you must look tickled, and keep sayin', 'O-o-o-o! O-o-o-o!'" This was also done with spirit and evident sincerity.

"Tommy Hughes!" said Billy, pretending to read a list from a folded newspaper after the trees were lighted, "come up front. Here's a rousing big rockin'-hoss, coz you've been good to yer little sister. 'Tain't a rockin-hoss', of course," he added, in a whisper, "but only half an orange; I wish it was a whole one, but I couldn't git more'n three."

"Mary Murphy!" Mary now came up. "This," said Billy, handing her a small square package, "is a wax doll bigger'n you are, coz you've took good care of the baby when your mother went out washin'." Mary's wax doll proved to be a slice of frosted cake.

In this way Billy went through with his list, calling at least twice for every visitor except the two boys back of the chair. "Now," said Billy, looking around and pretending not to see them, "has every scholar had a present and some canday?"

"Yes! yes! yes!" was the answer from different mouths.

"If there's any boy here wot don't belong to our school, let him come forrad."

Tommy Haley and Patsey Burke immediately responded to this invitation.

"Wot's yer names?" asked Billy.

"Billy Duncan!" "Smudge!" answered they in turn, while the audience tittered with delight.

"Well, Billy and Smudge," said the young manager, "seein' as how you don't offen come in for a reglar free treat like this,

here's two bags o' candy bigger'n than the others got, an' a knife an' a wallet. And now the school will stand up, when I pound on the dipper, and sing. Sing, — lemme see, wot did they sing? "

"Wanter be an angel," squeaked a little girl's voice. "No," said Billy, "they didn't sing that; but you may sing it. I don't know the words, an' I don't believe you know the tune; but we've got ter sing sunthin'. Billy and Smudge, you needn't sing: you ain't fit for angels. You chaw terbacker an' swear and wear out your knees pitchin' coppers; an' angels don't do that, — at least, I never seen an angel wot did. You've got to quit all them things afore the angels will invite you to jine 'em."

The company sang with a will. It was not very good music, for it was too much mixed up with "O Susanner!" and other street melodies; but they made up in noise what was lacking in harmony, and they enjoyed it, and Billy enjoyed it, — yes! and I think the good Father in heaven enjoyed it much more than he enjoys the anthems of many a hired and heartless church choir. Poor Old Josh, who had been giving indications of being half-awake for several minutes, sat up during the singing and stared about in blank amazement; smiled, tried to sing and then to pray; and, when they had concluded, rubbed something from his eye, — probably a tear, — and then lay down again with a groan, and covered his face with his hands.

So closed the exercises of the evening. In ten minutes, the guests had all scattered to their several quarters to tell of their good time; and Billy, curling up on the pile of gunny sacks which served him for a bed, was soon fast asleep, dreaming of merry voices, happy faces, Christmas trees, and angels.

Angels? Poor little neglected outcast! you were nearer being one than you thought; for the tender Father, who does not will that one of his little ones shall perish, saw throbbing under your ragged coat a warmer, truer, more generous heart than is often covered with satin or broadcloth! — saw there the divine spark of godly living which shall one day flame forth into the fire of fervent sanctity, — saw there a heroism and a contempt for things mean and unworthy which may blossom at last into patriotism, or ripen into integrity. Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for in heaven their angels do always behold the face of the Father.

THE SMOKE-HOUSE. — A man who lives in Albany, and whose business is that of a clerk, said that he had lately built a house that cost him three thousand dollars. His friends expressed their wonder that he could afford to build so fine a dwelling. "Why," said he, "this is my smoke-house."—"Your smoke-house! What do you mean?" — "Why, I mean that twenty years ago I left off smoking, and I computed that what I saved, with interest, would amount to three thousand dollars, and I concluded to put the money saved from smoke into my house, hence I call this my smoke-house."

AN OLD LEGEND. — There is a beautiful legend illustrating the blessedness of performing our duty, at whatever cost to our own inclinations. A beautiful vision of our Saviour had appeared to a monk, and in silent bliss he was gazing upon it. The hour arrived at which he was to feed the poor of the convent. He lingered not in his cell to enjoy the vision, but left to perform his humble duty. When he returned, he found the blessed vision still waiting for him, and uttering these words: "*Hadst thou stayed, I had fled.*"

THE HOLIDAY.

ONE day in April Mary and Helen Lee, accompanied by their dog Carlo, went to the sunny bank of a pond near their home, to pick some spring flowers. When they reached it, they found their brother Charlie and a friend of his fishing. There had just been a shower; but it had now cleared off, and there was a beautiful rainbow over the water, which Charlie spied out, and told his sisters to look at it. The farmers were ploughing their fields, and the leaves were putting forth on the trees. Some large birds were flying gayly through the air. Soon after the girls arrived, two boys came to a boat near by, and invited them to go on the pond; but, as their mother had told them not to go on the water, they declined, like good girls. About sunset they all returned home. The boys had caught fish enough for breakfast, and the girls had gathered a basket of flowers. Helen wondered what could be done with so many; but Mary told her that they would carry some of the prettiest of them to a poor little lame girl who lived not far away. C. E. P.

For The Dayspring.

WHAT TWELVE OF US SEE AND DO.

THE twelve "Daysprings" who go to the prairies of Minnesota think it is time to let the other "Daysprings" hear from them.

We now go to the day school, and are helping teach fifteen pupils to read. This is a prairie school; the minister is its teacher; and, of its fifteen scholars, three are Americans of American descent, three are Americans of German descent, and the remaining nine were born in Russia, and are of German descent.

These nine have been here only a short time, and study English books, and receive the instructions of an English-speaking teacher, under great difficulties; because the language into which they were born is no help at all in their present studies. But they are good and obedient scholars, and try *real* hard to learn.

They and their parents belong to a Christian sect called Mennonites. We have not found out much about this sect, except that its members think it wrong to fight or to go to war, because Jesus said, "Whoever smiteth thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also."

So, a good many years ago, the grandparents, or great-grandparents, of these scholars went from Germany to Russia, because the German government would compel the young men to be soldiers; while the Russian emperor promised that they need never be soldiers in Russia. But the present Russian emperor will not be bound by the promise of his ancestor; and so these Mennonites have come to America, where no one is compelled to be a soldier in time of peace, and where substitutes can be hired if one should be drafted in time of war.

Now, we do not know, nor can the minister tell us, what the Mennonites have gained, in the matter of conscience, by coming from Russia to America; for to us it seems just as wrong to hire one to fight in our place as to fight ourselves. But we are sure they mean to do right, because they have suffered so much for the sake of this tenet of their faith: so we are very glad they have come.

We hope the Sunday School Society will let us twelve keep coming here; for we feel sure we are doing Christ's work in helping these scholars learn to read in the English language, just as truly as we should be doing that work if we went to some Sunday school. By using us, the teacher can put the whole school into one class for reading and elocutionary drill; and he is glad, and so are we, that we have so little reading which is sectarian, and so much which is Christian, that we can do the work we are doing.

A. P.

A GREAT many mistake religious sentiment for a religious life. Because they are touched by religious truth, they fancy they are religious. Because they are susceptible to religion, they think they have it. An impression is to them the same as if they obeyed it; to appreciate right is the same as though they did the right. Weeping over a book of martyrs, they almost think it as heroic as though they died at the stake themselves. They come to take what God has planted in them as a substitute for a practical Christian life.

MAN, as to his understanding, may rise almost to the light in which the angels of heaven are; but if he does not also rise to the will, he is still an old and not a new man.

A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

THE longest life is made up of simple days, — few or many; but the days grow into years, and give the measure of our lives at the last. The life is at the last what the days have been. Let the children, therefore, look after the days, — one day at a time, — and put into each one something that will last, — something worth doing, something worth remembering, something worth imitating by those who follow us.

1. Every day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small a thing is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

2. Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty-five days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated.

3. Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living. It is not in the great deeds of philanthropy that the only blessing is found. In

"Little deeds of kindness,"

repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbor's house, on the play-ground, — we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness. — *Selected.*

BENEFIT your friends, that they may love you still more dearly; benefit your enemies, that they may become your friends.

IF you wish success in life, make Perseverance your bosom friend, Experience your wise counsellor, Caution your elder brother, and Hope your guardian genius.

HUMOROUS.

A PHILOSOPHER has extracted the following reply from a schoolboy to the query, "How is the earth divided, my lad?" — "By earthquakes, sir."

WHAT is the difference between the labors of a farmer and a seamstress? One gathers what he sows, and the other sews what she gathers.

"THE most joyful thing about Christmas," says the Christian Mirror, "is the *joy*." And it might have added that the most buoyant thing about Christmas is the *boy*.

"GRACIOUS heavens! Children! children! are you aware that to-day is Sunday?" — "Yes, mamma; but we're pretending it isn't, you know; so it's all right."

A LITTLE girl was asked what was the meaning of the word "happy." She gave a pretty answer, saying, "It is to feel as if you wanted to give all your things to your little sister."

BROUGHAM, speaking of the salary attached to the rumored appointment of a new judgeship, said it was all moonshine. Lyndhurst, in his dry and waggish way, remarked: "It may be so; but I have a strong notion that, moonshine though it be, you would like to see the first quarter of it."

A SCOTCHMAN had promised to whip his son for some misdemeanor; but, as he had company in the house, resolved to wait till they had gone, and so shut his boy up in a closet till the appointed hour. Before the time was up, the youngster became tired, and, to the surprise of the guests and the wrath of his parent, opened the closet door a little, saying, "I say, winna ye gi'e me my licks noo? I dinna like to wait."

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS for April contain Lessons XXXII.–XXXV. of the series on the Old Testament. The subjects of these four Lessons are: "The Youth of David," "David and Jonathan," "The Wanderings of David," and "David Persecuted by Saul." Specimen copies sent on application at the office, No. 7 Tremont Place, Boston.

WE would again call attention to the fact that the Sunday-school Society has frequent applications from new and feeble Sunday schools, for aid in furnishing their libraries. There are at present several deserving applicants, whom we would gladly supply with old books, if we had them; or with new ones, if we had the means. We earnestly solicit both books and money for this purpose.

READ only what is good, and read understandingly. It is better to read a page that you understand than a volume that you do not understand.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA NO 1.

"In my first for ever flow
Mingled sounds of joy and woe.
In my second, newly made,
Thousands every year are laid.
In my whole we speak no jest;
Prayers are said, and sins confessed."

HIDDEN CITIES.

1. The gardener arranged that new bed for dahlias with exquisite taste.
2. The hunted hart fords the swollen stream.
3. How did that partisan Francis come to hear of it?
4. Some one has invented a new portable safe.
5. When gold is at par, is your purse heavier or lighter?
6. How much has Fénélon done for us?

RIDDLE.

My first is in pen, but not in ink;
My second is in eat, but not in drink;
My third is in knot, but not in tie;
My fourth is in sob, but not in sigh;
My fifth is in read, but not in spell;
My sixth is in ask, but not in tell;
My seventh is in may, but not in must;
My eighth is in bread, but not in crust.
My whole is what children love to go to see.

J. C. M.

ENIGMA NO. 2.

My first is a spider, small, — but, hark:
Behead, 'tis an ant; curtail, 'tis a bark.
My second leads a valiant throng,
That carry science and art along.
My third, perhaps, some day you'll climb,
To gaze upon a scene sublime.
My whole equality expresses, —
Now, 'mongst you all, who soonest guesses?

FLORENTINE.

ANSWER TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. J	esui	T
2. E	rro	R
3. R	os	A
4. U	nbelie	F
5. S	amari	A
6. A	rtificia	L
7. L	yin	G
8. E	tn	A
9. M	adagasca	R

ENIGMA.

Onion.

PUZZLE OF THIRDS.

Dog.

THE DAYSPRING.

(Rev. George F. Piper, Editor),

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

7 TREMONT PLACE . . . . . BOSTON.

TERMS. — Per annum, for a single copy . 30 cents.
Four copies to one address . $1.00.

Postage, 2¼ cents additional for each copy, per year.

Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.